HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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ANTI-SLAVERY.

The British West Indies.

REMARKS OF ELLIS GRAY LORING,
At the Meeting in Commemoration of West India Emancipation, at the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, August 1st, 1841.

I had not intended, Mr. President, to add a word to the statements of my friend Garrison, in proof of this proposition; (the economical advantages of abolition in the West-Indies,) but a few facts occur to me, illustrating the actual working of British Emancipation, to which, as they have not been published, I will briefly allude. There is nothing more embarrassing to an enquirer, than to be met with contradictory statements; and the facts that help us to see the *causes* of the discrepancy in our information, are the ones most useful in pursuing the inquiry.

But let me first call your attention to the character of the terrors which shook the alarmists, while the British struggle for Emancipation was drawing to its close. It was not a failure in the crops that they anticipated: it was not a diminuation of the exports; but the awful bloodshed and conflagration consequent on letting loose 800,000 slaves at the throats of their masters. The day of Emancipation came and passed, and all was peaceful and orderly. Sir, even after this, abolitionists were met with continual predictions of anarchy and massacre. Notwithstanding the temporary quiet, the time, they were told, *was coming*. It was in the negro character to lay plans of vengeance in secret, and to execute them when the least apprehension existed. Now that time has shown the falsity of these predictions, they who made them have passed from one point to another. The massacre and butchery are given up; and a failure in the productions, and a demand for exorbitant wages, are all that is now apprehended. "They won't work," it is said, "for just wages, and we shall not get rich so fast."—Sir, for one, I am thankful if they will not work for such wages as a man grown old in slave-holding will be apt to think just.

But, much as the opponents of Emancipation have yielded of the horrors of their predictions and reports, there is still a great discrepancy in the accounts which we receive of the working of that experiment.—I have taken pains to ascertain the channels through which, from time to time, we receive these accounts of the sad state of the islands, and I find they come to us from those who own the twelve hundred millions of slave property. They come to us principally from N. Orleans. They come through masters of vessels, who report there, every rumor of an inflammable character that they heard in the West-Indies. Such rumors are gladly caught up there, and every word manufactured and distorted, till they reach the newspapers; and as the news of the failure of the gift of freedom go through the country, the eyes of our free republic seem to brighten over them. These accounts, you will observe, are confined to Jamaica. It is always in that island, that the productions are said to be falling off, and the planters are in such danger of being ruined. Now, there are certain facts to be taken into consideration with regard to Jamaica.—Mr. Turnbull, now British Consul at Havanna, who had travelled much in the British West-Indies; a man of the coolest judgment, of unquestioned integrity, and of acute observation, came to the conclusion that Emancipation had nothing to do with certain facts that are always made the most of in the slaveholder's "news from Jamaica." It is among the oldest of the British colonial possession, and its soil is inferior to that of the rest. Mr. Turnbull told me that if Emancipation had not taken place, many plantations in the interior, having scarce any, or the worst, roads to market, and ruined by bad husbandry, must by this time have dropped out of cultivation.—So we see it is at the South, for the same reasons. Plantations in the older Southern States, have become worn out by a long course of slave labor, and are now dropping out of cultivation. He said further, that Demarara, from the greater fertility of her virgin soils, could better afford to pay the laborer a doller per day than the island of Jamaica two shillings. It is easy to see, then, that Jamaica must have decreased in production, from causes quite independent of Emancipation.

Persons are liable to be misled by a comparison of one possession with another at different times in the history of each. But take the *same* island, and compare its condition since, with its condition before Emancipation, and you will see without difficulty that the effects of the measure have been beneficial in every instance.

Mr. Edward Carbery, a planter of Demmarara, a gentleman of high intelligence and respectability, and not an abolitionist, informed me that *since* Emancipation, he had given £20,000 for an estate which had been sold not long previously for £8,000.—Mr. Thomas Seale, of the London banking house of George Wildes & Co., informs me that, previous to Emancipation, their mortgages on West-India property were considered desparate; but that since Emancipation, they had become availiable, and were reckoned among their assets that were good.

But to proceed to general principles. The point I wish to establish is, not merely that emancipation has been good for great Britian, but that it will always be good, every where; that the *fact* of West-India Emancipation is full of encouragement and instruction for American abolitionists. Here let me say to as many of the audience as are abolitionists, that it is not so much to them that I address myself now, for they all understand this matter as well, at least, as I. But if there are others in the house, I should be glad to give them my views.—I know what labors in kind and candid minds, when they undertake the examination of this subject. Though some may be here, merely to carp and find fault, yet I doubt not there are those present who look at the matter impartially, and who would rejoice to see that emancipation could be effected by America as well as by Great Britain. "I admit," I will suppose them to say, 'emancipation has, on the whole, been productive of great good in the West-India Islands; but you have not the same means to effect it that they had in England. They could bring the whole power of the nation to bear upon it,—it was but a small evil, and at a great distance, and entirely in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, to finish it when they would. But *you* can't do it.—You stand in Massachusetts; and there is no slavery under her control. It is fanaticism for you to imagine you can act upon the South.' Sir, a few years ago, and it was deemed wild and visionary in England, to think of abolishing the African slave trade, then one of her most important branches of commerce. "It is madness," said Gen. Gascoigne, in Parliament, "to think of touching a trade which has, in a short time, raised Liverpool from 2,000 to 95,000 imhabitants.' At a later period within our recollection, similar language was held about the abolition of slavery in the West-Indies. None but enthusiasts, it was said, had undertaken the work. There was just as much prejudice—just as much self-interest—just as much apathy to contend with as here. How did they effect their purpose? It was by the efficacy of discussion. It was by dint of *talking* about it.—'What!' replies the doubter—'nothing but talking? What good is done by that?' I am tempted to retort that nothing truly good is ever done in any other way; at least in matters of social reform. Let those who ask the question, watch the effect of talking about any thing, upon the public mind. They will see it yielding beneath the repitition of a word. 'Let me make a nation's songs,' was once said, 'and I care not who makes her laws.' He was a wise man who said that, and his saying touches the root of the matter. Laws are only the exponents of the feelings and convictions of a people: and these are never changed but by persevering discussion; whether by song or sermon, the process is the same.

'But the slaves are in other States, over which neither your State governments nor your general government can legislate.'—Which then is the more powerful, the legislation of the government, or the legislation of public senti ment? The latter is omnipotent. It scorns Georgia lines, and Virginia boundaries. Why, sir, the action of our Legislature—the decisions of our courts—the voice of our people, tell upon every State in the Union. What is said and done here, is said and done for the world. Public sentiment flies from continent to continent; and shall it turn back from Mason and Dixon's line? But, according to our greatest statesmen, we *can* legislate beyond our own boundaries. We can legislate in the District of Columbia, and in all our broad territories not yet erected into States. We have a right, too, to stop the slave trade between the States; and every one knows that if slavery were not sustained in Virginia by this traffic with New Orleans, it could not stand in that State a year.

But, sir, I don't think much of legislation to effect our object. Suppose we had procured its action already: the deed might be sullied with rioting and blood, as it was attempted to be carried into effect. The 'bright consumnate flower' of emancipation is no forced blossom from an unwilling stock. Our aim should be to win the people's hearts. But where shall we begin? where will they be most likely to be reformed? In the free States, sir. We don't go to the haunt of licentiousness to teach purity, or to the tavern to proclaim temperance. No; we go first to the most pure-hearted, and clear-headed, and sound-minded, and in the process of imparting to them our principles, where there is no self-interest or self-indulgence to thwart our desires, we also arouse those who stand next to them in the ranks of conduct. With their aid the reform goes on through the ranks, till at length it reaches the intemperate and impure, whom in the first instance it would have been hopeless to address. And so, in the present case, we must seek first to rectify and invigorate the religious sentiment of the community at the North. The churches might abolish slavery in three years, if they did their duty. If the 100,000 slaveholders who annually visit the North, found themselves kindly but firmly dealt with here, and read how mean and despicable their course of life was considered, in every face they met, how long would they continue it? We must address ourselves to those who have the least interest in the continuance of the system; and who supposes that the North can be convert ed, and the South remain unchanged? Already an influence emanates from New-England, which powerfully agitates the slaveholders. This makes many men around us uneasy, and causes them to reproach us as the occasion of it. 'If you were in the right,' they say to us, 'there would not be this irritation against you.'—Sir, I must here say that, beyond a doubt, the tendency of simple, naked truth is to irritate men; but not for that shall I close my mouth. If, in giving it utterance, I mingle with it any harshness foreign to its nature, so much the worse for me;—so much more unfortunate for the truth. But I believe the whole, unmitigated truth must be displayed, though men's feeble optics may, at first, shrink from the blaze, and, in their blindness, they visit upon us the salutary pain it makes them feel. I trust there will be found among us those who know this to be the true philosophy of reform, and knowing it are ready to utter the truth at every risk; men who will desist neither for losses, nor lynchings, nor whippings, nor grudge even the sacrifice of their very lives. May we all have more of this spirit. I don't claim that we all have it: but there are a few such rare and constant souls among us, whom we all have virtue enough to admire, though we may not always have strength enough to imitate.

There are three ways of influencing public sentiment on slavery. One is to enlighten the *self-interest* of men;—to appeal to their pockets. I know this mode to be very distasteful to some of my associates, yet none of them will dispute that righteousness hath the promise also of the world that now is. I would never, even in argument, subordinate conscience to interest—I would ever most sedulously make the former paramount. Nevertheless, I would take pains to let men see that it is no less a part of God's truth, and, according to the order of his Providence, that a community will not be the poorer for righteousness, than it is that it is the duty of a community to be righteous. In England they pointed the planter to his exhausted fields, his diminished gang, his increased expenses, his shortened crops, his property passing rapidly into the hands of the overseer, the attorney, and the mortgagee, under the system to which he clung: and we must do the same in America. I would say to the Virginia planter, are you aware (to quote the words of Mr. Harrison, an eminent citizen of that state—himself a slaveholder and a colonizationist,) that 'the agricultural products of the State of Virginia, at present, do not exceed in value the *exports* eighty or ninety years ago, when it contained not a sixth of the population, and when not a third of the surface of the State, (at present Virginia,) was at all occupied?' I would say to the South, are you aware that the West Indian properties are rising in value, while your own are falling? Are you sensible that your system is continualiy drawing your best sons from their native soil? I would say to the Kentuckian, are you aware that while Heaven has showered every blessing on your soil, you are to lose four representatives in the next Congress by your system of labor, while Ohio, by hers, is to gain 8 or 10? The man that sails down the Ohio river, can see from the deck of the steamboat, that the slave State on his left is sinking, while the free State on his right is rising. Are you aware, I would ask the North, that slavery prevents the laboring part of your population from taking the high position that is rightfully theirs, according to our political institutions? that its tendency is to make labor dishonorable? and what could be worse for the North than than that? What is it that covers Massachusetts with wealth and prosperity, and clothes her fields with beauty, while Virginia is smitten with sterility, and Mississippi laboring under a load of insolvency? Why, free labor! Here every man labors with a good heart. There is no spot on earth where so much work is so willingly done, and repaid by so much general comfort, as in Massachusetts. Mr. Preston wondered what our prosperity could be owing to, when all our natural productions were ice and rocks. Men may try to account for it in a hundred other ways. The true reason is, *our* labor is *free!* It ought to be our policy to make it honorable.—Again, sir, slavery is not only a losing concern, considered as a mere business operation: it is fraught with other danger. It is dangerous to the morals of the rising generation, and therefore to the future existence of the republic. There is danger of insurrection at home, and of invasion from abroad. You will have seen, doubtless, an article on slavery, in Fraser's Magazine,—with the significant title, 'A war with America a blessing to the world.' Let us speak to the South of her danger. Situated as she now is, she should take warning betimes when she hears of great additions to the black regiments in the West Indies. She should consider betimes, that 5000 black troops landing in South Carolina, with Liberty inscribed on their standard, would abolish slavery in one week.

I had intended, but time does not permit, to enlarge upon the weakness that slavery entails. Observe only, what Mr. King and our congressional orators say. How uneasy they are at the movements of Great Britain. Why, if we had no slavery at the South, what would they care for the 25,000 black troops now arming in Jamaica?

I must pass rapidly on. Our British friends appealed constantly, during their struggle, to a sense of *National character*—to patriotic pride;—and every heart could not but feel that the name of Briton was dishonored by the continuance of slavery; and that a country whose boast it was that a slave could not breathe her air, should no longer exhibit the inconsistency of chaining him in her colonies. Now, to our disgrace it must be spoken, *we* have made a bargain, *not* to give succor to the fugitive. We stand pledged to shoulder our muskets, and force down the terrible yoke of the South upon her suffering people. If the slaves at the South should rise in insurrection, and assert their inalienable rights, there is not a man in this room who is not liable to be drafted in the militia, and marched off to cram the truths of the Declaration of Independence, down their throats with the bayonet. It seems to me that a correlative action is required of us. It seems to me that if I am sworn to the same service, and likely to be blown up by the same explosion, I may at least use the poor privilege of remonstrance, in order, if it be possible, to avert the danger that menaces all in common. I was, however, speaking of the reputation of our country; and this is deeply involved. A British traveller, two days since, told me that he saw in the slave market at New-Orleans, the beautiful model of the Bunker Hill Monument that was sent there last summer, placed just over the head of the slave auctioneer, and the United States' flag floating over the whole! while women were being sold under its folds. But we need not go to New-Orleans to see those mortifying sights. In the capital of our country, they daily offend the eye. And there we have a right to act. Mr. Clay objects to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, for he says the District was ceded to the government for national purposes, only. I agree with him, sir; the District *was* given for national purposes, and *therefore* slavery should not exist in it. (Applause, checked by request of the proprietors of the house.)

But it is not to the pride of national character I would alone appeal. We ought to address ourselves to the sense of *individual honor and character*, about which the 'chivalry' of the South claim to be most sensitive. We should make them feel how they must be viewed in the sight of God, and all good men. We of the North are, in general, too lamentably deficient in moral courage, for this. I was sometime since in company with Colonel Preston, of South Carolina. I felt the fascination of his manners, and his genius. Yet, with all this, here stood the 'honorable' man who was living in luxury, upon the unpaid labor of the poor negro, extorted by violence and fraud;—the man who, a little before, had shown his fitness to be a republican lawgiver, by boasting on the floor of the Senate, that if he could catch an abolitionist in South Carolina, he would 'hang' him, without judge or jury. Yet in that drawing-room, not an eye was averted from the eloquent and 'generous' southerner—not a hand, (save one) was withheld from his warm grasp.

But I will not dwell on Mr. Preston. It is the slaveholding character generally, that I wish to consider. What is the slaveholder, generally, doing? Is he any better?—He is seizing upon the weak and helpless, and forcing them to minister to his luxuries, while they themselves are scarce allowed even necessaries. He is doing what the universal moral sense condemns as base and wicked. Is this the chivalry of the South? If I seize my fellow man here at the North, and scourge him up to work for me twelve or fifteen hours a day all his lifetime, and allow him a peck of corn a week, I am doing just what the slaveholder does. The precise amount of his guilt I cannot measure. God alone sees his heart. To his own master he must stand or fall. But the character of the man, be it in other respects better or worse, cannot change the nature of these deeds. The act of the man who lays his hand on the infant born in his house, and says to him, 'You are mine—you shall labor for me your life through, with no other recompense each day than the food which will enable you to continue your toil on the morrow'—is as much worse than horse-stealing, as a man is better than a horse.—The horse-stealer is called a thief—the other a slaveholder. But what do names signify? The character of the *act* remains the same, and a most wicked and despicable one it is. The conduct of a slaveholder, I leave it to a slaveholder himself, to name. 'He who earns money,' said John C. Calhoun, in 1833, 'who digs it from the earth in the sweat of his brow, *has a just title to it against the universe.* No one has a right to touch it, without his consent, except his government, and it only, to the extent of its legitimate wants:—*to take more is robbery.*'

Don't let a man plead necessity for its perpetration. There is no necessity. Look at those great populous islands! rich, industrious, flourishing and free. Their imports increasing, and a greater proportion of their children being trained in schools than among the whites of the slave States. And if you *will* turn from them to drive men to labor with the whip;—to sell the husband and wife asunder, and the babe from the arms of its mother, for heaven's sake don't plead necessity for it. No! don't plead necessity, and then go and *advertise* the fugitive slave who was relieving you of the difficulty as far as *he* was concerned. Don't plead necessity, and then proclaim a reward, as I recently saw done in a Wilmington (North Carolina) paper—'So much for him alive; and so much for the killing of him!' Necessity! the tyrant's plea! Is there one in this house, is there one in this city, who does not feel how base and how false it is? In behalf of human nature, in behalf of my aspersed kind, I declare the necessity for debasing men to brutes does not exist.

But above all other modes of appeal, would I address the *conscience;* and there, as a practical man, do I plant my grand hope of success. Who thinks that the great moral changes that have swept over the globe were the work of any less power than that of conscience? The progress of Christianity, and the march of the reformation; those most powerful of all movements, what were they but the triumphs of con-

science? What was it that animated the patriots of the American revolution, and made them unconquerable? Was it *taxation*, merely, think you? I tell you, No! It was the sublime idea of *right* that filled every heart. It was not the three pence a pound on tea, but the principle of taxation without representation, against which they fought.

Even in our party politics, it is not so much his own interests, and the little measures of the day, that a man is thinking of, as of some grand principle that he sees more readily through the medium of the side he adopts, than the one he opposes. I certainly can't say much for the integrity of leading politicians; but depend upon it, sir, that even our whig and democratic triumphs are, to thousands, triumphs of principle. It was as beautifully said by our old poet, as it is universally felt—

'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all;'

And it is equally true, as Coleridge finely says;—

'Aye, and 'tis conscience that makes *heroes* of us all.'

The slaveholder must ever be weak, for the same reason that the abolitionist is strong:

'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though cased up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.'

But, after all, what prospect have we of finally succeeding in our enterprise? Sir, he who thinks we shall not succeed, is blind to the signs of the times, and knows little of history or human nature. Before the movement of the abolitionists, from 1819 to 1831, public sentiment was in a dead palsy. But in consequence of the system of peaceful agitation they have pursued, slavery has become the subject of thought and conversation every where. The press, the pulpit, every debating society, every Lyceum, every hall of Legislation, including Congress, the church-meeting, the fire-side circle throughout the free States, and to a great extent in the slave States—they are all filled with discussion. Churches are withdrawing their fellowship from the slaveholders, party ties are weakened, and men's minds in every path of life are daily changing in our favor. Public conscience is beginning to awake, and its giant voice can be no longer stifled. The great question has got a fair launch, and it never will—it never can be stopped. When was a revolution ever known to roll backwards? In vain are all the cotton bales—they cannot weigh down the truth. Every two or three weeks, some event occurs in the progress of the cause which fills all the newspapers and carries discussion through the country afresh. Not only do we go forward;—we advance rapidly. Four years ago, Lynch law was advocated by the public press of Boston. Now, when a newspaper mentions us, we are about as likely to have a kind word as a harsh one. When our Legislature is in session, that is, when the representatives of the yeomanry are here, we are the most likely to get the kind words: when the 'dog-star' rages, the sympathizers with our southern visitants begin to rage too. Past experience has told us to look for favor in January, and that mob-time begins some time in July. Let it come. Whatever is said, harshly or kindly, it all helps to carry forward the great idea. Now there are thousands upon thousands whose minds are made up, that if *talking* about it will do any good, they wont stop talking.—I doubt not there are 'four thousand' whose minds are wedded to this cause for life or death; but in addition to these, there is a vast amount of dormant abolition. It is working at the South in ten thousand hearts that give it no language. The country is becoming saturated with our principles; and when that work is complete, if the least thing occurs to agitate the mass, it will crystalize in an instant. Does any one think the South are unanimous on this subject? Very far from it, sir; and I look to see the manifestation of anti-slavery principles there in a revival, so to speak, before which slavery shall pass away like a burning scroll. We may smile at the idea, but I look for a movement there, analogous to the recent one in the temperance cause here—a great moral awakening coming suddenly with power and great glory. I should not be surprised if some of the smaller and more fervent religious sects should suddenly burst forth at the South ten thousand strong (fanatics, if you please to call them so,) and preach immediate emancipation in the face of the gallows and the stake. What can withstand the might of a principle like this;—a sentiment of religion which has in it nothing ephemeral, but belongs less to time than to eternity? Meanwhile, what is to sustain slavery? What great agency is there to work to build it up? Except dollars and cents, it has nothing; and even the soundest political economy is against it. I would say to the fainting slave: Despair not!

'There's not a breathing of the common wind
That can forget thee. Thou hast great allies!
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind!'

Religion, education, science, public sympathy, literature, civilization; all are working for the slave. Moral causes are omnipotent; and every moral influence is with us. In view of the experience of England, and the progress of the last few years at home, I hesitate not to affirm that the days of slavery in our land are numbered, and that some even of us shall live to rejoice in its downfall.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To Anti-Slavery in its Warfare against Slavery.

Conqueror of or in the nineteenth century, with thy little veteran band, come forth; hold firm thy spear of truth, thy banner of light unfurl, and innocence adorn thy brow; prepare for the onset; fear not thy gouty foe; his armory is carnal, thine spiritual; his cause is oppression, thine liberty; his zeal is prejudice and hate, thine love and benevolence; his wisdom is from men, thine from above; his trust is in an arm of flesh, thine in the arm of Jehovah; yes, thy armery is spiritual, and thy victory sure. Lift up thy head, and be not dismayed; thy enemy being vanquished, falleth upon *his* spear; true he calleth for help, but his friends cannot save him, the prophets of *Baal* cannot, though they cry till the sun goes down; the *patriarchs* of peculiar institutions cannot; *torturers* of the sacred page cannot, neither the *rulers* of the people; though they obscure the light, it shall be made manifest; though they thin thy ranks, thy number is sufficient; though they trust in numbers, thine is in the God of the oppressed. Are any *professed* friends fearful, let them depart, thine are valiant for the truth; none that are selfish will work by *thy* side; bigotry returns to her cloisters when she hears thy call; superstition is frightened when she views *thy liberty*; the friends of oppression stand aghast, at *thy* faithful reproofs; old times are remembered in *these days* of reform; old usages are sought after by those who can't conform; innovation is the cry by those who are outdone, as the light breaks forth to the meridian sun. Have any of thy enemies a mind to return to the old flesh pots of Egypt, when rum was the song, then call for old Bacchus to stand in their front; he'll bring them back to days of lament.

Let us return to *thy* theme, pure anti-slavery; thou hast waked up the nation; the nation did I say? the *world* is bursting from her death slumbers, the day-star has risen, the morning appears, the latter day glory is ushering in; all nature gives signs; her manifestations are conspicuous. Will men sing lullabys and rock the old cradle of carnal security, while the internal fires are accumulating and combustable matter is increasing ready to ignite and burst forth in horrible convulsions? If this is not near in the *natural world, be assured it is in the moral.*—Pure anti-slavery, be assured thou hast more enemies than the great adversary of souls; he goes clad in the glory of state, gives counsel at the bar in favor of oppression and against the oppressed; he is transformed to an angel of light, builds negro pews, negro cars and pro-slavery pulpits; he goes clad in the costume of the warrior, calls out the army and navy, to crush the rising spirit of liberty in the slave, although he follows the example of the fathers.

Pure anti-slavery, thou art stricken and smitten; thy lot is among the humble, the poor and despised; thou art cast out of the synagogues—thou art set at nought by the wise and prudent—thou art counted unholy and impure, not fit to sit with the dogs of the flock. The sabbath and the pulpit are too holy for thee. They scout thee as an heretic and brand thee as infidel, surely such are thy ENEMIES. Well then, love thy enemies, do good to them that hate thee and pray for them who despitefully use and persecute thee. If they sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, resist not though they take thy cloak also. If thou seest any fallen among thieves thou wilt act the part of the good Samaritan, though they may be thy enemies. Pure anti-slavery, may our friendship continue, until every bondman and every slave shall be made free, not only from the fetters which bind the body and mind, but such as bind the soul.

P. —. M.

Carroll Centre, Nov. 15, 1841.

To the Baptist Church in Littleton.

Believing as we do that slavery as it now exists in this country, is unscriptural and unsanctioned by Heaven, and a very great sin against God; and that no person having the spirit of Christ in this enlightened age, with the gospel in his hand which he can read and understand, can for a moment be instrumental, directly or indirectly, in perpetuating the abominations of the accursed system—such as robbery, murder, theft, concubinage, severing family connections, &c. Depriving our brother of the means of the gospel, and making the third offence of teaching it to him punishable with death. Thrusting the image of God below the level of the brute creation, and subjecting him to all the woes that tyrants can invent.

Believing also that the professed christian community is the main pillar of support to the horrid system, we as members of the church and denomination of Baptists, cease to recognize you as a christian church, as a body, until you cease to give your influence against the imbruted slave, the image of God.

The doings of the Triennial Convention, holden at Baltimore, are enough to arouse every true hearted christian to duty and to his post in the great cause of the emancipation of two and a half millions of suffering slaves.

Brethren come up to the work. Let not the vengeance of an angry God come down upon us whilst we are sleeping and standing aloof from our brother's wrongs.

Brethren we have done this in view of that day when God will reward men according to their works.

THOMAS G. FLINT,
ANSON ALEXANDER,
JOHN CROUCH.

Littleton, November 15, 1841.

WEARE, November 15, 1841.

Brother Rogers: I was present on the 11th inst. at the dedication of a meeting house in this town, erected by the Free Will Baptists.—Deeming the spirit of the sermon *in these times* somewhat *peculiar*, I venture to send you a few words in relation to it.

It was preached by the Rev. David Harrimond from the following text. Jer. xxii: 3, 4, 5. "Thus saith the Lord execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widows, neither shed innocent blood in this place. For if ye do this thing indeed, then shall there enter in by the gates of this house kings sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, he and his servants, and his people. But if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation."

The sermon, as might be inferred from the text, was a plain, straight forward declaration of unvarnished truth, an unwavering and unflinching liberty discourse. The doctrine of "northern irresponsibility" in the cause of the oppressed and robbed bondman, was treated in a manly and severe style of reprehension, worthy alike the speaker's head and heart. When speaking of closing the house against those who plead the cause of the dumb, the last verse of the text was applied with peculiar and terrible power. No less unfettered and free were his remarks in relation to a time-serving clergy, who shun to declare the whole counsel of God in these matters. I hail this as a proof that the true spirit of christian liberty is not yet entirely quenched, even among our clergymen; and that the truth is beginning to flow through channels still open to the people. It was not like some fashionable anti slavery sermons, throwing an ounce of free principle into one scale, and a pound of pro-slavery into the other, in the form of opposition to the present abolition movement. It was free speaking, and I rejoiced in it.

It was cheering to hear the voice of Liberty from a *new* pulpit up here amid the hills of pro-slavery New-Hampshire; it was an indication that the old pilgrim spirit was roused—that there was a martyr determination to unbind the mind, and unshackle the lip, and let them speak freely and fearlessly—that the time is approaching when the Juggernathian ear of "*influence*" and "standing" is to be rolled back, and freedom and her advocates be once more permitted to shake the dust from their forehead. It was an indication that the "victor horn" of Liberty's *pioneers* will yet not only be heard, but *answered* along our mountain passes, and over our rocky hills.

New-Hampshire *should* be a land of Liberty; her pulpit, her people and her press, *should* be free; slavery is not *indigenous* and can't be naturalized here among our mountain homes, where every wind breathes of freedom as it sweeps over them. Her people here *inspired* the *predisposition* for Liberty, and if the paralyzing shackles which the stealthy hand of prejudice and education has thrown about them were once removed, their hands would be too mighty for the fetters of priest or politician. The time is coming, nay is not far distant, when every man who speaks from a New-Hampshire pulpit, spite of the darkness now over us, must endorse anti-slavery sentiments, or be branded by the community as a member of "the brotherhood of thieves and robbers." But I have already taken too much room with a subject of which I only intended to give a passing notice.

Yours, &c.

WM. H. GOVE.

LYME, November 8, 1841.

Mr. Rogers: By the politeness of brother Pearsons of this place, I have been favored with a perusal of the Herald of the 27th October, and among a great variety of matter I find a communication from Lyme signed 'T.' with your remarks connected with it. You are right, sir, when you say it is manly and womanly for one who writes for the press to give his or her name, and breast the responsibility; and if any wish to know the name of the correspondent 'T.' they will find it at the close of this epistle. You are right when you say I once took the Herald, and have been an abolitionist. It is true I have heretofore professed to be one. I rejoiced to see brother Rogers fearlessly exerting his manly talents and his gifted pen for the promotion of so great, so humane and so desirable an object as the one for which abolitionists are engaged; and if I know the definition of the term I am an abolitionist still, and still rejoice to see you so fearlessly, perseveringly, and as I hope successfully engaged in exposing the monster slavery in all the varied forms in which he makes his appearance, not only in the South but at the North; not only among what are termed slaveholders and slave raisers, but also among the free, enlightened and christian people of New-England, the land of the pilgrims; not only among the laity but the clergy; not only on the plantation of the South but even in the sacred desks of the North.

At the time that most of the subscribers for the Herald sent to have their papers discontinued, I was absent on a journey; my paper was discontinued with the others before I knew of the movement. At a meeting soon after I told them I considered it a hasty move to desert brother Rogers and leave him at that particular crisis, although he might have erred; to err is human, to forgive divine. But the brethren thought there was sufficient reason for the course they had taken, and that the safety of the cause demanded it. I have no doubt they were sincere and are so still—and if ever there were truly devoted abolitionists who are willing to make any sacrifices for the good of the cause, your former subscribers of Lyme are such, (excepting myself;) if there are any consistent christians in Lyme, your former subscribers are such; and although they have seceded from the Herald, they have not seceded from the cause to which that paper is devoted and would rejoice that the unhappy division in our ranks might be done away; but how to effect it they know not. You say we deserted you in the heat of battle; you are right; we did so, but there were different views in the community as to the cause for which the battle was waged.—The brethren here might have erred; without doubt there was error on both sides. Your communication to them on the subject I saw, and acknowledge the justness of your remarks.—They were frank and to the point.

In the communication signed 'T.' I did not expect to draw forth such a picture of that highly favored place which formerly sent forth to the convention and other public meetings a mighty phalanx almost as irresistable as the Macedonian of old. But if the picture be true I shall not regret having been instrumental in drawing it forth to the public gaze; if not true the responsibility is yours, and I hope that the people of P. or their reverend pastor will correct you.

I am now taking the People's Advocate, and consider it a very good paper. I hope it will succeed in concert with others of the kind, and other means, and the blessing of God, in giving freedom to all who are deprived of it in whatever form or place. I have not the pecuniary means of patronizing all the papers or the good objects that I otherwise would, but I feel that it is due to you that I again subscribe for the Herald. You will please to send it me, and I shall probably not trouble you with any more of my scribbling. Yours truly,

PHILIP TURNER.

GREAT FALLS, November 14, 1841.

Brother Rogers: How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished. For the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away; the shield of Saul, as though he had not been annointed with oil. They have fallen in the midst of the battle." If the death of Saul and Jonathan, on the mountains of Gilboa, battling for their country and their country's rights, called forth from David such bursts of sorrow and grief, what must we, what can we, say when those that have done battle in humanity's cause, and stood foremost in our ranks, cheering us onward by their presence until we had gained the outer works of the enemy's strong holds, falter and fall? Have they not faltered? and more than faltered? Yes, and have deserted and gone over to the enemies of the cause.—And why is all this? What has caused them thus basely to betray their trust, and stand aloof from our holy enterprise?—I ought to have said of human disenthrallment from slavery in all its forms. Was it not because slavery had thrust its hideous head onto the table that bears the consecrated emblems of a crucified Saviour, and claimed almost the lion's share? Nay, more.—It has mounted the consecrated pulpit, and demanded a total silence on this subject, from those that stand there, professing to lead the people, while they are blind leaders of the blind. And why? Because they have never looked at man in his moral debasement, but to pamper their pride and swell their own importance. And so deeply were they engaged in this great work of lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of sectarian organizations, and putting up the old walls, made of sprinkling and immersion and close communion, that they were not prepared for the great and mighty results that would be brought about by the agitation of this question, so that they have as much as they can do, and more than they will be able to do, to stop the upheaving of the bright mass of mind that is now at work upon the deep foundations of man's right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Had the question of Negro Slavery alone been brought before the public, for its approval or condemnation, then would they have been bold in its condemnation; but in searching for causes it was found to have taken its deepest root in the professed church and ministry. And here we find their whole cause of opposition. They cannot bear the truth.

Your account of the Dover meeting and allusion to the formation of that society last winter, caused a tremendous shaking among the dry bones in the valley of *neutrality*. Again, in the Report of the Female A. S. Society, one of the brotherhood found himself in rather an awkward position, in presiding over a society in which he obtained admittance by courtesy alone, and calling for votes and declaring himself elected, contrary to the constitution,—and now has the hardihood to deny what can be substantiated, every word of it, and more too, I think, if he wishes for it. But I must close by saying that we have had an anti-slavery meeting every first day, at half past three P. M., and we intend to devote Gov. Page's Thanksgiving to the discussion of the great question of man's right to himself and his wife and children. We have likewise devoted a portion of the first day to the inquiry of man's accountability and duties.—We find a few that will come and hear what we have to say, and see how we get along without a minister ordained by man.

Yours for humanity,

JOSHUA A. LUNT.

CAMPTON, Sept. 16, 1841.

Mr. Editor: I do not know but you will consider it impertinent for me to attempt to write for the "Herald," but seeing your call some time since to "anti-slavery boys," (among whom I wish to be numbered, though hardly deserving the name,) to contribute their share to the columns of your paper, and having a few thoughts which I wish to communicate, I venture to send you these lines, which, if you think worth the room, I wish you to publish. I hope I shall not expose you to the accusation of publishing "extraneous topics," as I am alone responsible for what I write.

The subject of anti slavery is one of momentous interest to the whole human family. The principles of anti-slavery, I believe, to be *pure gospel principles*. My Saviour is an *anti-slavery Saviour*. He preached the principles of anti-slavery as they should be preached. Whoever preaches differently is not "with Christ, but against him,"—is not a *gospel* anti-slavery man. How did He preach it? "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, *do ye even so to them*." At the same time He says to the oppressed, "render not *evil for evil*." He preached these doctrines not only in word, but by a holy and consistent example. Now abolitionists profess to believe, and preach the doctrines of the bible. But do they preach *such* anti-slavery as this? Are they striving to overthrow slavery—the main pillar of Satan's kingdom on earth—by heavenly weapons, or by Satan's weapons?

There has been a great division in the ranks of professed abolitionists; and as painful as the thought may be, I believe there must yet be another, before the slave can be emancipated upon gospel principles. For one, I cannot labor nor pray for such an emancipation to take place in our country as has taken place in the West Indies; an emancipation from innocent servitude to man, to a *guilty* servitude to Satan in learning the art of human butchery!

There are those in the abolition ranks who believe, and preach by their actions, at least, that, "resistance to tyrants is duty to God."—Now I ask such, not tauntingly but solemnly, "Why do you not go to the South?" You believe it is not only right, but a *duty* for man to obtain his freedom from a tyrant master by the use of the sword. Why do you not then preach *this duty* to the slave? *Why* do you leave the poor slave to groan and perish under the iron hand of oppression, ignorant of his right and duty to himself, his family and his God? Why do you delay the chariot wheels of emancipation, which is to carry gladness and joy into the bosoms of the millions of broken hearted fellow beings by this *inexcusable neglect*? If I believed as you do, I would not (or if I did I should certainly feel condemned) stay here at the North, battering away upon the seared consciences of a pro-slavery church and people to raise a moral influence to do away slavery, but would take my sword in hand, and go to the South and proclaim "*Liberty*" to the poor captive, and would soon gather a company of abolitionists which would make the hearts of the slaveholders *feel*, and bring them to submit by the sharp preaching of sword and bayonet!

But this is not as Jesus preached, and *slavery cannot* be thus moved from the world. It can only be removed by rooting out the unholy principle, the foundation of slavery from the hearts of men. Now the foundation of slavery is the principle of war or man-killing. Now slavery is but a perpetual war upon both the temporal and spiritual interests of men. So long as the system of war or man-killing exists so long there will and *must be* slavery in the world. So long will the sighs and the clanking of the chains of the bondmen, mingled in awful chorus with the groans of the dying and the "cries of a brother's blood" from the battle field, enter the ear of the God of Sabaoth, who will have vengeance upon all his adversaries, who "fear not God nor regard man." But let war cease, let the "swords be beaten into plough shares and the spears into pruning hooks, and the nations learn war no more," or in other words, let the kindgoms of this world which belong to the "Prince of the power of the air" be destroyed, and the kingdom of God come in their stead, and there *can be no such thing* as slavery. Then, and not till then, shall the song of jubilee sound from pole to pole. Then shall the limbs of all men be unshackled and free to do the work of the Lord.

The principle of anti-slavery strikes at the foundation of all the human governments of the world, and makes them reel like a drunken man. This is why, or one reason why, so few embrace the pure principles of anti slavery.—Because they love the kingdoms of this world better than the kingdom of Christ. But let us not be discouraged because but few join our ranks. Let us *believe* that the kingdom of God will come, though it come like the "Stone cut from the mountain without hands," which rolled till it filled the whole earth. Let abolitionists see to it that they are grounded upon the "Rock," and put on the *whole* "armor of the Lord," and with these weapons destroy not only slavery but the slave-holding power, for it is a child of the Devil.

Let us not fear, brother Rogers, to take the scripture ground against slavery. It will inevitably separate us from all connection with the governments of the world, and probably thin the abolition ranks, but these principles are destined to triumph not by the many, but by the power of God.

Yours for Christian freedom,

DAVIS BAKER, Jr.

CONCORD: NOVEMBER 26, 1841.

Rhode Island.

We have just visited, for the first time, the little Roger Williams Commonwealth, with its old, *retained* British Charter. It has been enjoying the "Republican form of government" guaranteed by the constitution, under a Royal Charter, which, by confining all political power to a few landholders, somewhat resembles those southern stars of this republican constellation, where not only civil liberty, as it is called—but humanity (*as it is called*) is confined to a few monsters in human form, who practice the cannibalism called slaveholding. Rhode Island has been all her Independence life time in a very *unconstitutional* state—in more senses than one. But we think little of this in comparison of her moral condition. This is a little better we think, than that of the more thoroughly priest-ridden sister States around her. They are "the publicans and sinners" in Rhode Island, along side the "scribes and pharisees" of Connecticut and Massachusetts. And though out of the kingdom of Heaven as yet—the mass of them—they are nearer to it than their *solemn* neighbors, and will get into it sooner.

We left Boston for Providence, Thursday morning, the 11th inst.—in a rail-road department called in the latin *Corvus Jacobi—anglice* "Jim Crow"—where, with our beloved brother J. B. Chandler—an Irish laboring brother, who looked in the face not a little like O'Connell;—another foreign brother—he looked like an Italian and had a violin among his luggage;—a very intelligent young Yankee brother—a thorough going abolitionist—apparently a laborer;—one poor, weak-witted brother, with a hair lip and leprous cheek; and three young tars, two of them right from the November Ocean, their necks bare to the winds and the loose ribbons on their tarpaulins fluttering like streamers at mast head, and the third apparently not so fresh from the sea, and with more of the land bird about him;—with this company shut up in a small room, rendered *suitably* uncomfortable, and stationed next the engine, so as to give the humble inmates the advantage of the first shock of whatever might happen—we sped our rapid way out through Roxbury. At the first stopping place, our dear brother Garrison, who was not present when we took our tickets, and who had by hurrying two or three miles on foot to the depot, made warmer quarters than ours necessary for him, came out of his car, and took passage the remainder of the way with us in *the steerage*. We had a much more interesting time on the way, than if we had taken our chance in the "good society" cars, where there is so much *breeding*, that there is no good nature or free conversation. In our *Rookery*, or *Crow* car, we had some free talk. We reached Providence about ten o'clock in the morning—entering it from the depot, over the hill which commands so fair a prospect of the navigated river.—We have rarely seen a more delightful place of city residence than that hill. At the foot of the steep streets, leading from it, is the market place and center of business, and beyond is the river at right angles, the fine bridge across it—the shipping on the left in the quiet stream, and beyond the bridge the mass of the active and very pretty town. The buildings about the market are quite commanding, and the place as lively and spirited as any business scene we have ever witnessed, either side the water. It looked as busy as a bee hive. The main street off into the town from the foot of the hill is called Westminster.—It is a grand street—a mile or two in length, and the hill at the termination of it looks from a distance in it like Edinburgh—or would, if the houses were stone. They are mostly of wood. It looks gayer, but not so majestic, as the old capital of Scotland. The Anti-Slavery rooms are in Westminster street, No. 72—the "25 Cornhill" of Boston, the most important fact of the street—though it has sundry steeple houses in it, of pretty pompous architecture, and one beautiful, spacious room, bearing the interesting name of "Westminster Hall"—and the most elegant Hall we ever entered.

The State Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting, commencing on the 11th. It was to be held two days—but was continued three. It was held at Franklin Hall, these *consecrated* houses, all but one, which was at inconvenient distance, being as we understood too *consecrate* to be opened to the advocacy of humanity. But the Hall was every way convenient and sufficient—except at times a little *crowded*.

The meetings were throughout of a very animated and awakening character. Peleg Clarke, a fine old gentleman—a Quaker but more of a *friend*—too much of a *man* and a *christian* to endure fellowship with that sect, which with the best principles of any in all the brotherhood, has degenerated to about the most heartless formality of all, was in the chair. We understood *friend* Clark had recently sent the Sect a packing.—We should think from his demeanor and action he must have done so. He did not *preside*, though in the *president's* chair.—He did better. He threw out into the animated meetings occasional suggestions of individual responsibility to order, and it answered all purposes. And discussions went on, admittedly out of technical order—but in great harmony and interest. A business committee was chosen by a small vote—but it did not act or meet.—Yet there was no lack of business, a circumstance worth remembering. A very able report drawn by George L. Clarke the corresponding Secretary, was read, and on its presentation for acceptance brought out a spirited discussion. It was faithful to the Church of the land. It inculpated that *department* of the country without exception, which brought a divine or two to their feet. They wanted *exceptions* made. The Report was too sweeping and indiscriminate. We were sorry—though not surprised, to see Martin Cheeney of Olneyville one of the defenders.—He is a Freewill Baptist preacher—a man of rare talent and intrepidity, and fidelity,—but he is a clergyman—a *minister*—and truth, which shakes the sectarian arrangements of the age—alarms him. He lost sight, in his alarm, of the palpable fact, that the Report was speaking of the church generally, as a distinctive body, distinct from the world or the State—and not with reference to individuals in it, or small sections of it, and he demanded that some exception should be mentioned—for the credit doubtless of the religious machinery in which he is still involved. His good sense must have seen that any attempt at exception, in such a Report, would weaken if not destroy its effect, and would be giving the church an opportunity of escape, which she ought not to have in truth,—that the Report, though in general terms, could not be construed so as to go beyond the literal truth. He must see moreover that whatever of apparent anti-slavery remained in the nominal church, would be cast out of it as soon as it grew faithful enough to discountenance all that was pro-slavery in it. Brother Cheeney lost sight of this, and in his alarm for the church was willing, though probably unaware, to disable the Report of its anti-slavery power. It was replied, that if any exceptions existed, they ought to be specifically named, that nobody else might take advantage, and the whole church escape through the outlet he was so anxious to open for some. The Report was not altered.

Garrison offered a Resolve that it was as impossible for a christian to hold slaves or uphold slavery as to worship Juggernaut. Reverend brethren were alarmed at this. Reverend Mr. Turner of the Methodist order, a very solemn brother in his ways, moved an amendment—to strike out christian, and insert "no one in obedience to *all* the requirements of the gospel." This would leave slaveholders where they want to be left—*snug christians*—but only a little disobedient—one of the most convenient positions in the world for all sorts of sinners.—Christian enough to save finally from Hell, and disobedient enough to answer all present desires. The amendment was not adopted. The friend who moved it was one of our spiritual *guides*. The man who drew the resolution in its simple—majestic truth, was a modern "*infidel*."

We must break off *short* here and defer the remainder of our acount of the meeting for another week. It was an unusually important one, and we must attempt an extended account of it.

Thanksgiving.

This festival is a striking sign of the religion of our times. It was established by our *warlike* ancestors, and is kept up, and proclaimed by our captain generals of militia, who ordain and recommend it from year to year, by and with advice of council, and it is carried on by the clergy in the pulpits, and by the poultry-mongers and cooks in their respective departments of *religious* life. There is one innocent species of cookery incident to the occasion, and that is the slaughter of the insensible and *unsuffering* vegetable they make up into New-England's premium dish, the *pumpkin pie*. There is no cruelty in killing a *pumpkin*. Aside from this we have little to say in favor of this *religious* festival. The Governor's proclamation is a canting state paper, made up according to the politico-religious fancy of the day. It is about as *heartfelt* as a thanksgiving dinner. A little bluster about our *pious ancestors*, (where are their *brethren* the aborigines!) a little about our *free institutions* and *equal rights*, (3,000,000 slaves!) a thank or two for *being at peace* with *all* the world—(that is, all the *acknowledged* nations—to say nothing of the "poor devil Seminoles" or the "Niggers") and some gratitude for health, (thanksgiving will try that a morsel) and some for good crops, which is doubtless pretty sincere. Yankees are kind of thankful for good crops, if they are not so abundant as to bring the price down. A plenty to sell and a high price too—that is matter of thanksgiving. And the Governor's Excellency solemnly recommends the people to abstain from labor, and assemble in their usual places of worship. Now if abstinence from labor is ever hazardous, it is before and after enormous eating.—Exercise is wanting then, if ever. Thanksgiving and abstinence from labor make harvest time for the doctors. This assembling is in the solemn temples, where the plea of the slaves of the country is inadmissible. The slaveholding white folks want them kept sacred for their solemn worship of Him who is no respecter of persons. They are used thanksgiving days to celebrate our free and equal institutions, and the niggers may come in, if they will sit in the Jim Crow pews. The people are called together by the Governor to worship the common Father of us all, and in His temple the church pens off the "negro pew!"

The clergy read the proclamation of His Excellency, with all but Sunday solemnity and longitude of face. They read His Excellency's name at the bottom, and the name of the Secretary of State, and the place where the whole is *given* or *done*, and the year of our Lord and of Independence (*twin* eras of forgiveness and fight) together with the day. It is not so solemn as a discourse on the ordinances—but it comes pretty near it. Then from some old testament text, the pastor illustrates the glory of our pious, *gallant* forefathers, their success in *planting* the gospel here and *transplanting* the Indians, (they being *heathen*) and all disperse to their stuffed turkeys. This is puritanism. This is Yankee religion. This is state house piety. The eating and drinking is the best of it, gluttonous as it is, and must be the least abhorrent of it all in the sight of God.

We take this opportunity to disclaim all fellowship with this church and state carnival. Humanity disowns it all. The very molasses it sweetens its pumpkin pies with, is distilled from the whipped and lacerated life blood of the slave. We will pay it no allegiance till all the people are free. A public thanksgiving ought to be universal with the people. Slaves cannot be thankful or rejoice. The bounties of Providence are a mockery to them. The smiles of creation frowns and death. Our church and state may get together every fall, and have a high go, and eat and drink and be merry. We will not go to their frolic, while our enslaved brother groans in destitution and chains. There is blood in their pudding sauces and their gravies.—We go not to their public mockeries,—but will labor at home for their speedy overthrow, and our thanksgiving feast shall be our daily potato, until the land shall be cleansed of its death spots. They may hold their fast days in the spring, and the State House *enact* farces for the Meeting House to *perform*.—And after harvest they may feast and make up for spring fast. But till they abolish slavery, vain are their oblations, and their solemn or gay assemblies.

Their calling of assemblies God cannot away with. It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Their appointed feasts His soul hateth. They are a trouble unto Him. He is weary to bear them. When they make many prayers He will not hear—for their hands are full of blood. They are the enslavers of His poor.

And oh there is peculiar impropriety in a slaveholding people rejoicing at earth's harvests! The harvest is the fruit of human labor, and slavery violates and profanes human labor,—agricultural labor especially.—Slavery falls chiefly on the cultivator of the soil. The plantation is the great arena of the slave's toil and suffering.—Human labor on the ground is the staple of slavery. How inappropriate then for a slaveholding people to celebrate the triumphs of agriculture, and keep festival at harvest. The generous earth revolts at the festive joys of the slaveholder—and so does the air—and the sunshine and the rain. Slaveholding outrages them all, and outrages their Maker and disposer. A slaveholding people should not hold festival at any thing, for they are the enemies of human enjoyment. Or if they celebrate, let them celebrate scarcity and famine! They should hold festival, if at all, when the earth refuses to yield her increase,—for they are the blighters of her fertility, and the tyrants of those who cultivate her bosom.—Let them not prostitute times of plenty to their wicked orgies. The curse of the slave will mingle in their festivities, and his sighs and the clanking of his chains mar their festal melody.

From the Liberator.

Sonnet.---Worship.

They who, as worshippers, some mountain climb,
Or to some temple made with hands repair,
As though the godhead specially dwelt there,
And absence, in Heaven's eye would be a crime,
Have yet to comprehend this truth sublime:—
The freeman of the Lord no chain can bear—
His soul is free to worship every where,
Nor limited to any place or time.
No worldly sanctuary now may claim
Man's reverence, as a consecrated pile;
Mosque, synagogue, cathedral, are the same,
Differing in nought but architectural style:—
Avaunt, then, Superstition! in God's name,
Nor longer thy blind devotees beguile!

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, Nov. 15. 1841.

We have always been proud of our native State, New Hampshire, God bless her! Her mountains are the very home of virtuous intelligence—in the bosoms of her sons there dwells a sense of lofty independence, of incorruptible integrity, and generous devotion to the constitution and liberties of the country. She has ever been foremost to resist aggression, in whatever shape it may come, whether it be a foreign foe in hostile array; or the no less dangerous encroachments upon the rights of the States, in the insiduous guise of a federal constitution. Against the demon Abolition she has ever set her honest face. In the sternness of her integrity, she can never be persuaded to disregard her plighted faith, and trample upon the rights she has so solemnly bound herself to defend, merely through false sympathy, which artful and unprincipled men have first created, and are now misleading in a crusade against democracy and the South.

Flag (Ala.) of the Union.

We cut the above from the Patriot, where it is published with at least implied approval. The writer is a New Hampshire native, transplanted to Alabama—where New Hampshire plants thrive well, and in congenial climate.—ED'R.

Correction.—Anti-slavery writers have fallen into an error in their statements, of the number of children annually reduced to slavery in this boasted land of freedom.

Suppose the slave population to be two and a half millions; the annual deaths, under mild treatment, would be 1 to 30, or an aggregate of 83,333 in a year. Notwithstanding this number die, there would be an annual increase of 3 per cent. making an aggregate of 75,000.

The number born in a year, must of course be equal to these two numbers combined; showing an aggregate of 158,333 free born children, under our republican government, annually plundered of all those rights, which were conferred upon them by their Creator, and reduced to the most abject slavery—equal to 433 every 24 hours. And this heaven-daring wickedness, is daily enacted in our land, by and with the consent of the sovereign people. When will the American people obey the command of Jehovah, "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free?"—*Protectionist.*

William H. Burleigh has retired from his post of associate editor of the "Spirit of Liberty," at Pittsburgh, because the station has not yielded him a support for his family, and he must seek it elswhere—a good and sufficient reason. He is connected with a family paper, at Alleghany, devoted to Temperance, Literature, and General Intelligence.

The Liberty Party.

We learn from an authentic source, that a large proportion of the votes cast for the liberty ticket, in Philadelphia, and several of the adjacent counties, were by opponents of the third party; and while so voting, they declared their hostility to that measure.—Temporary expediency was the ground on which they acted. The number of votes for the ticket is, therefore, not an accurate indication of the strenth of the party. It would be still further from the truth, to assume the number of votes to be cast to be in any wise indicative of the whole number of abolitionists. We know, that in some districts of country, such is very far from being the fact; and it is our belief that but a small proportion of the great body of abolitionists at the North, consider the political sceme feasible, or sound. The party journals claim a great increase since previous elections, and assume this to be somewhat demonstrative of future growth—undoubtedly a great error. We are content to wait for time to disprove so much, as time only, can. Meanwhile, experience must show the futility of all efforts to base political party on an isolated principle. Thomas Earle saw this, when he refused to accept the nomination of Vice President, unless the whole democratic ground should be incorporated with abolition. He has left the third party, because it has failed to occupy that ground; and the third party left *him*, because he was true to what he conceived to be real democracy. He holds on to political action, without any material change of opinion, that we are aware of.

Having observed, in a recent letter from Gerrit Smith to the Madison County Abolitionist, a statement to the effect that Joseph C. Hathaway had become friendly to the liberty party, we take this opportunity to correct the error. His views are unchanged, being entirely adverse to it. We suppose the error to be merely accidental on the part of friend Smith.—*N. A. S. Standard.*

"*Add two to five, and seven remain.*"—About ten days ago, an express arrived in this city from Baltimore, bringing intelligence of the escape of five slaves from that city, and offering a reward of one thousand dollars, for their apprehension. To the honor of our regular police, be it known, that they declined lending their aid to the pursuit, even with that handsome reward before their eyes. Two notorious "negro catchers," of established reputation in the business, were seen driving about the city, for several days, looking all ways at once; but failing to see any thing of the fugitives, they pocketed the expense of riding, and abandoned the pursuit. The five men, heaven speed them, are now between New York and Canada. We can answer as much for two more, since the Baltimore express arrived. That makes seven, and we dare say, David Ruggles knows of as many more. *Can't "Stop that Ball!"*

The Wrong Car.—You are in the wrong car, was said to us by that high and efficient officer, the ticket receiver on the Newark and Jersey city train, when he ordered us to walk through to the other car. We attempted to comply with his mandate, when a gentleman of the first respectability, an eminent merchant in Pearl, near Wall street, said to him, there is sufficient room and down he sat beside us. We take the gentman to be a christian,—he loves and fears his God, and will not find fault because *He* has caused one part of his human family to be clothed with a sable skin.

N. Y Journal.

Mr. Clay. We heard it stated, yesterday by one who is in the way of obtaining information, that the Hon. Henry Clay had resolved to present to the Legislature of Kentucky, at the earliest moment possible, the resignation of his seat in the Senate of the United States. The Legislature will not meet, we believe, until the last day of December.

It was added that Mr. Crittenden would probably be elected in the place of Mr. Clay.

Population of the British Empire in all parts of the world, compiled from the most authentic documents:

Great Britain, Ireland, and the neighboring islands,	27,020,000
Colonies in Europe, such as the Ionian isles, Malta, Gibraltar, &c.,	400,000
North America,	1,500,000
South America,	120,000
West Indies,	1,000,000
Africa,	350,000
Australasia, (New-Holland, &c.)	120,000
New-Zealand,	25,000
Asia, East India's Company's dominions,	135,000,000
Affghanistan and Cabul,	14,000,000
	179,535,000

The whole of the above territories cover about 1,800,000 square miles.

Introduction of Rice into America.—Martin says, in his History of North Carolina, that the planting of rice was commenced in this country in the year 1693, as follows: a brig from Madagascar, on her way to England, came to anchor off Sullivan's Island. Thomas Smith, going on board, received from the captain a bag of seed rice, with information of its culture in the east, its suitableness for food, and incredible increase. Smith divided the seed among his friends, and an experiment being made in different soils, the success surpassed the expectation the captain had excited. Thus, from this small beginning, accidentally occuring, arose the staple commodity of Carolina, which soon became the chief support of the colony and the great source of its opulence.—*Raleigh Register.*

Knowledge, when only in the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

The rose hath its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

Seven Slaves shot at Havana.—The New-York Express contains a letter from Havana giving an account of the whipping of several slaves, and their determination to kill their keeper. He was informed of their design by one of the slaves, and had a file of soldiers in waiting before their quarters. Out they rushed, and not seeing the object of their vengeance, fell upon the soldiery, who immediately fired upon them killed seven outright and wounding several others.—The negroes then took to the scaffolding and began to throw down stones upon the soldiers, only one of whom was hurt. They were shortly afterwards secured and conducted to jail.

Capt. S. M. Thompson, formerly of the Mexican navy, was killed in a porter house, at Tobatco, a few weeks since. Two Mexican officers who were with Thompson at the time, run the Mexican who killed him through the body for which they were arested next day, tried, and condemned to be shot. Thompson was a desperate character.

It is estimated that the property which may change hands in consequence of the bankrupt law, will not fall short of four hundred millions of dollars.

Education of Indians.—The Dunkirk Beacon mentions the arrival at that place by steamboat, of six half-breeds—four males and two females—of one of the N. W. tribes of Indians, from 500 miles above Sault Ste. Marie. They were taken to Fredonia to receive an English education at the excellent Academy in that village.

Forgiveness. A gentlemen relating the particulars of an injury, to Sir Eardly Wilmot, asked him if it would not be manly to resent it. "Yes," said the knight, "it will be manly to resent it, but it will be Godlike to forgive it." The heathens, themselves, saw the reasonableness of forgiveness: it becomes a man, says the emperor Antoninus, to love even those who offend him: a man hurts himself, says Epictetus, by injuring me; and what then? Shall I hurt myself by injuring them? Another heathen, when angry with one near him, said, "I would not beat you, but I am angry." "Resist not the injurious person," says our Lord.

True thoughts are given that they may be embodied for action.

Hence the value of a thought. Now suppose a man to have a just perception of what it is his duty to do, and yet he fails to perform it, the thought perished, as to any valuable result to him or to the world. But this is not the only loss. The mind itself the moral sense of that man, receives an essential injury. It becomes morally disordered, and cannot easily be recovered to a healthy state. When a good thought enters the mind, be careful that it do not vanish till it is made permanent in some valuable practical result.

If upon the entrance of a visitor you continue a subject begun before, you should always explain the subject to the new comer.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

Hannah Mitchell, Hannah B. Shore, Robert Adams, William Adams, Lucius R. Ames, Albany Young Men's Association $1.50 each——B. Fox $1.78——Wm. H. Foster $2.00——Joshua Lunt $2.50——B. Ropes $3.50.

DONATIONS.—James N. Buffum, Lynn, $2.00.

Washington T. A. Society.

The Concord Washington Total Abstinence Society will meet Saturday evening at their Hall, at 7 o'clock.

A punctual attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before them.

By order,

HARRY HOUSTON, *Pres.*

WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, *Sec'ry.*

New Goods!!

A LARGE stock of fashionable Fall. English, French, and American DRY GOODS, are opening to-day (Wednesday) at the great S. by ESTABROOK.

A few of the prominent articles are,

Sup. and low priced Alapines, Alapacas, Mouslin De Lains, Thibets, Camleteens, and French and English Merinos; rich Cashmere and other Shawls; Calicoes, Plaids, Flannels, Silks; rich Ribbons; Bonnets; Furs; Fringes; white Goods of every description; Gloves and Hosieries; Domestics, Carpeting, &c.,—which will be sold decidedly cheap for CASH, by

W. W. ESTABROOK.

Nov. 3, 1841. 38—6w

Broadcloths, Beavers, &c.,

JUST RECEIVED AT ESTABROOK'S.

SUP. medium and low priced black, blue black, invisible greens, browns, and other Fancy Colored CLOTHS. Diamond, Plain, and Waled Beavers; Cassimeres, Vestings, Velvets, Tailors trimmings of all kinds.

N. B. Mr. D. WINKLEY, still continues to superintend the large TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, to the entire satisfaction of those who have bestowed upon it a liberal patronage.

Concord, Oct. 22, 1841. 35—6w

Christian Union.

"THE Evangelical Church; or True Grounds for the Union of the Saints,—by Darwin H. Ranney." A few copies of this work have been left at the Herald office for sale also for sale at Boyd's, and Hamilton's book stores.—Price 25 cts.

Tailoring.

RICHARD DAME, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Concord and vicinity, that he has opened a Tailor's Shop, in the building in the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, upstairs, opposit the South Church; where he intends carrying on the Tailoring business in all its various branches. From his long experience in the business, he hopes to deserve and receive a share of public patronage.

RICHARD DAME.

May 15, 1841.

POETRY.

From the National A. S. Standard.

Freedom's Martyrs.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

I.

Heroes there are whose memories never die;
Their glorious deeds to after times are told,
In thrilling songs, by gray-haired bards of old,
Whose harp-strings vibrate to Eternity.
And harmless sweeps the flood of ages by
Their names, in deep-wrought characters enrolled,
High on the rock of Glory's mountain-hold,
And o'er the track where storm and tempest fly.
Their deeds of fame, from History's glowing pages,
Stand forth, the watch-words of another clime,
Thrilling the stern souls of succeeding ages
With fire electric, down the chain of time;
And from their record, years that roll along
In their destroying strength, but sweep the stain of wrong.

II.

Round Glory's temple-walls, pre-eminent,
The martyred spirits, crowned with honor, stand,
Who brought their offerings with a willing hand
To thy pure altar, Freedom: Fame hath lent
The brightest stars that gild her firmament,
To deck the garlands of that glorious band,
Amid the splendors of the spirit land,
Where their bright hours in living joys are spent.
What though on earth their path seemed dark and lowly;
With fervent zeal, and hearts forever strong,
And souls which burned with aspirations holy,
Earnest for Truth, they battled with the wrong,
Triumphed o'er fate and earth's malignant frown,
And won, in warfare stern, the martyr's thornless crown.

III.

Through scorn, derision, hatred, blood, and fire,
The fearful baptism of the true and tried,
The pressed, unshaken and unterrified,
To Death and Victory. Every fond desire
Of earth was laid on Pleasure's funeral pyre;
Wealth, with its damning blight, unhallowed pride,
Quiet and fame, and all of earth beside,
A holy incense to the Spirit-Trier.
Triumphant, through heroic self-denial,
A conquered world beneath their feet was trod;
Freer and purer, over every trial
The aspiring soul was drawn unto its God;
And while around them howled the tyrant's wrath,
Heaven's gorgeous light was shed resplendent on their path.

IV.

Freedom, bright-zoned, and glorious Goddes, hath
Her *living* Martyrs, who may never shrink
From the stern conflict, even though they drink
The cup of fierce affliction. Strong in faith,
That looks beyond the opening gates of death,
They gaze, untrembling, from the fearful brink,
On the dark wave, where meaner millions sink,
And shriek their terror in their dying breath.
Sternly they circle round her holy altar,
When gloomiest, rolls Oppression's gathering storm,
With purpose fearless, hearts that never falter,
And souls that glow with holiest passions warm,
Breasting the tempest in its wild uproar,
When Scorn, and red-armed Wrath their mingling volleys pour.

V.

Their souls in calm, unbroken sunshine dwell,
Though clouds around them gather, fast and black,
And fling dark shadows o'er their stormy track.
Harmonious songs their guardian angels swell,
On viewless harps, o'er Hate's discordant yell;
And Heaven's own portals roll, obsequious, back,
To pour its glory on them, and the rack
Of the fierce storm cannot their spirits quell.
They stand, like mountains, when the deep-toned roaring
Of warring elements is round their breasts,
While on their summits heaven's rich light is pouring,
And silent Peace, in radiant beauty rests;
There the first beams of new-born morning play,
And lingers with soft light, the sun's last dying ray.

Pleasant Height, Oct. 26th, 1841.

MISCELLANY.

Atherton in Faneuil Hall.

Among all the insults to liberty ever offered by the so called Democratic party, this is the most brazen. Was it not enough that the poor tool of the southern woman-whippers should be sent to Congress, again, after violating every principle of democracy and of justice, in becoming the ostensible father of the gag!—gag laws to bind with fetters the lips of freemen, when they would tell their servants what they desired them to do, on matters pertaining to the public interests? Was it not enough that the party should oppose the progress of equal liberty, in every form, in Congress, and in the State legislatures of Maine, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, New-York, Ohio and Indiana? Was it not enough that the PERSONIFICATION OF THE RUM TRADE should be put on their Senate ticket?

Must Faneuil Hall, the old cradle of liberty, be DESECRATED, by the presence of an impious violator of its first principles? Must such a man be greeted with shouts of applause, in the name of "equal rights" and "pure democracy?" Could no other method be devised to throw contempt upon the memories of Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock and George Washington, and other worthies of the revolution, whose portraits adorn the walls, and whose shades men invoke, with grateful reverence, when they enter the old cradle?

We thought our soul was filled with indignation, quite full, when Peleg Sprague, in the name of the Whig aristocracy of Boston, "uncovered the nakedness" of Washington, and the hall echoed with applause, as he called him "that slaveholder," forgetful of his dying testimony against a system he always abhorred, and of his pledge to give his *vote* against it, whenever the matter was brought before the people.

But our whole heart and soul tell us that for *studied contempt* of liberty, for a violation of fundamental principles of right, and a deliberate insult to a people whose rights are trampled under foot, the invitation to CHARLES G. ATHERTON, to address the "democracy" in FANEUIL HALL, is far more atrocious—MEANER FAR. As sure as Liberty is destined to triumph, so surely will a curse cling to the party that has done this deed, more blighting than the curse of Cain! And this, too, is the democracy we are called upon to put into power, by the election of Morton, Hallett & Co., to office, in the very State, the resolves of whose legislature were thrown under the table by the GAG of that very Atherton! Truly, "the democracy know no change," no repentance!

Let them come into power! both in the state and in the nation. Let all the servile Whigs join them, and let their league with slavery be made firm. We only ask till 1848, to hurl them from their seats of power, to that gulf infamy in which slavery is destined to sink, and to write upon them with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, their proper epitaph.—*Free American.*

More Bluster.

Gov. McDonald, of Georgia, delivered his Message to the Legislature of that State on the 2d inst. It contains the usual amount of southern bluster, in relation to northern inteference with the divine institution of slavery, and talks of non-intercourse with as much flippancy as though Georgia were not merely a 'sovereign State,' but an independent nation! The impotency of this bluster is as the independence of a pauper. Without the aid of the North, the South would speedily perish; and not until she can live without eating, not till she is independent of the vital atmosphere, will she ventre to "cut the connection.' She has long threatened a dissolution of the Union; and she may yet be taken at her word, in an hour when she is least prepared for such an event. The alternative is ultimately to be presented to her, either to put away her diabolical slave system, or to be put beyond the pale of a free republic.

The Message states, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, that in the month of April last, a slave was stolen by a person who escaped to the State of New York, and that the proper papers were prepared and authenticated, and a demand made upon Gov. Seward, for the arrest and delivery of the fugitive. Gov. Seward, has declined to comply with the demand until he has received proof of the facts and circumstances. 'This proof, although entirely convenient,' states the Message, 'I declined procuring, as I was fully satisfied that I had complied with the letter and spirit of the Constitution and Act of Congress.' Consequently it recommends to the Legislature to pass a law, subjecting to inspection any package of goods that shall be shipped, either directly or indirectly, from the State of New York, or any other State manifesting a similar disposition; and that competent officers be appointed to execute the same; and that all suspected persons coming from such States be required to find security for their good behavior, and particularly that they will not intefere, or have intercourse with the slave population!!—*Liberator.*

From the Newark Eagle.

The first Abolition Meeting.

We have recently held an interview with a person who was present at the first abolition meeting ever held in the United States. It took place in the township of Woodbridge, County of Middlesex in this State, on the 4th of July, 1783, being the first anniversary of our independence, after the close of the Revolutionary war. Great preparations had been made—an ox was roasted, and an immence number had assembled on the memorable occasion. A platform was erected just above the heads of the spectators, and at a given signal, Dr. Bloomfield, father of the late Governor Bloomfield of this State, mounted the platform, followed by his fourteen slaves, male and female, seven taking their stations on his right hand and seven on his left. Being thus arranged, he advanced somewhat in front of his slaves and addressed the multitude on the subject of slavery and its evils, and in conclusion, pointing to those on his right and left; 'As a nation,' says he, 'we are free and independent—all men are born equal, and why should these, my fellow-citizens—my equals, be held in bondage? From this day they are emancipated, and I here declare, them free and absolved from all servitude to me, or my posterity. Then calling up before him one somewhat advanced in years—'Hector,' says the Doctor, 'whenever you become too old or infirm to support yourself you are entitled to your maintenance from me or my property. How long do you suppose it will be before you will require that maintenance?' Hector held up his left hand, and with his right drew a line across the middle joints of his fingers, saying—'Never, never, massa, so long as any of these fingers remain below those joints.' Then turning to the audience, the Doctor remarked—There, fellow citizens, you see that liberty is as dear to the man of color as to you or me.' The air now rang with shouts of applause, and thus the scene ended.

Dr. B. immediately procured for Hector, either by purchase, or setting of from his own farm, 3 acres of land, and built him a small house, where he resided and cultivated his little farm until the day of his death,* and it was a common remark with the neighbors, that Hector's hay, when he took it to Amboy to sell, would always command a better price theirs.

* This took place within the last nine years, near Metuchin, N. J. at the advance, age of 105 years. An interesting fact is connected with this gift of freedom and land. The son of Hector inherited it, and his widow now resides on it. The freed slaves generally took care of, and supported themselves.

Swiftness of Men.—It is said that men who are used to it, will outrun horses, by holding their speed longer. A man will also walk down a horse, for after he has travelled a few days, the horse will be quite tired, but the man will be as fresh for motion as at the beginning. The king's messengers walk to Ispaham, 108 miles, in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk, tire it down and take it; they are said to have performed a journey of 3,900 miles in les than six weeks.

The poorest and humblest man that lives, has an interest in preserving the earth's wealth. The possessions that now create a self-importance in their present owners, will soon be no longer personally theirs, and may hereafter bear the now unknown names of his children's children!

SOUTHERN BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THE MAN MARKET.

Published Gratis.

The following sale, as will be seen, is 'before the Court-house door,' where they dispense [in] justice. Think of this, northern freemen. The Court-house turned into a market for selling men and women and little babies. It will be seen that one is a little girl, "three years old," and another a little boy about "three months old." Think of this, mothers. Here is Fanny and her babies offered at public auction, at public out-cry to the highest bidder—and no reservation that they shall not be parted.—*Tocsin.*

SHERIFFS' SALES.

SCRIVEN SHERIFF'S SALE.

Will be sold, before the Court-house door in Jacksonboro', between the usual hours of sale, on the first Tuesday in November next, the following property, to wit:

Four Negro Slaves, viz: Fanny, a woman twenty-four years old; Jerry, a boy, between four and five; Mary, a girl, about three years old: and Casuberry, a boy, about three months old—all levied upon as the property of David Goff, to satisfy sundry fi. fas. issued from a Justice's Court of Lee county, in favor of Edmond Mathews. Levy made and returned to me by a constable.

W. H. NUNNALLY, D. S. S. C.

October 2.

CITY SHERIFF'S SALE.

On the first Tuesday in October next, will be sold, at the Lower Market House in the city of Augusta, within the legal hours of sale:

A Negro boy, slave, by the name of John, supposed to be six years of age, levied upon as the property of Granberry B. Camplin, to satisfy a fi. fa. issuing from a Court of Common Pleas, in favor of Jas. M. Foster *vs.* Granberry B. Camplin.

WM. H. MAHARREY, C. S.

WARREN SHERIFF SALES.

Will be sold on the first Tuesday in October next, at the Court-house door in Warrenton, Warren county, between the usual hours of sale, the following property, to wit:

One Negro girl, named Amanda, ten years old, levied upon as the property of John Moore, to satisfy sundry fi. fas. from the Superior and Inferior Courts of said county, in favor of Thomas Maddux and others *vs.* said Moore.

Also, two Negroes, namely, David, a boy ten years old, and Epsey, a girl eight years old, levied upon as the property of John Moore, to satisfy sundry fi. fas. from a Justice's Court in favor of John L. Burkhalter and others. Property pointed out by defendant. Levy made and returned by a constable.

Also, the one-half of four hundred and thirty acres of pine LAND, more or less, on the waters of Little Briar Creek, adjoining lands of Wm. Cason and others; five head of CATTLE, and one bay HORSE, eight years old, all levied upon as the property of Jeremiah Perryman, to satisfy one fi. fa. in favor of John McBryde *vs.* C. & J. Perryman and Watson. Property pointed out by plaintiff's attorney.

JAMES HALL, Sheriff.

September 11.

RICHMOND SHERIFF'S SALE.

On the first Tuesday in November next, will be sold at the Lower Market House in the city of Augusta, within the legal hours of sale:

Three young MULES, about four years old, levied on as the property of George W. Hall, and sold to satisfy a fi. fa. issued out of the Superior Court of Richmond county, in favor of William B. Fowler *vs.* George W. Hall. Property pointed out by defendant.

The above are cut from one paper, the Georgia Constitutionalist of October 5.

But the following, as the editor of the Tocsin of Liberty truly says, is the most outrageous, because transacted at the National Capital, where northern freemen have the same rights in legislation as southern slaveholders—and yet such abominations are unblushingly carried on at noon-day in this age of improvement, and at the Capital of this Free Republic. Say, freemen, will you vote for its continuance by voting for the pro-slavery parties? If so, then upon *you* be the responsibility!

"A gentleman, now at Mrs. Arguelles' boarding-house, south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between 4 1-2 and Sixth streets, Washington, and will remain there for three weeks, wishes to purchase a large number of servants, of both sexes, including fifteen, which he wants immediately. Persons who have them to dispose of, will find it for their interest to call before they sell to any other person."

"NEGROES WANTED.—The subscriber wishes to purchase immediately a number of Negroes for cash. Persons wishing to sell, will find it for their interest to see me before they sell, as I am determined to give the highest prices for likely Negroes the New-Orleans market will justify. I can at all times be found at Wm. H. Williams' establishment, corner of Seventh-street and Maryland Avenue. All communications addressed to me shall receive prompt attention. THOS. WILLIAMS."

"NEGROES WANTED.—Cash and the highest market prices will be paid for any number of likely young negroes of both sexes, (families and mechanics included.)—All communications addressed to me, at the old establishment of Armfield, Franklin & Co., west end of Duke-street, Alexandria, D. C., will meet with prompt attention.

GEORGE KEPHART."

—[*National Intel.*

We find the two following in the Mobile Advertiser of October 27, side by side, as we give them here.

BY ORIGINAL G. DAVIS,—On Friday, the 29th inst., in front of the Mansion House, 50 head of choice MULES, will be sold without reserve. Terms cash.

NEGROES.—The subscriber has on hand and will be constantly receiving, from Charleston and Baltimore, Negroes of every description, which will be disposed of at moderate prices. He will also make liberal advances on Negroes, put in his hands for sale, at his place on Jackson, between Dauphin and St. Francis streets.

JAS. E. ZUNTZ.

October 23.

The two below we clipped from the same column in the Louisville Journal of November 3.

SEVEN LIKELY NEGROES AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public auction, for cash, in the town of Newcastle, Henry county, Ky., on Monday, the 15th day of November next, a *likely* and valuable negro MAN, his WIFE, and five *likely* CHILDREN from one to thirteen years of age. One of the children is a boy. The sale will be positive, and those wishing such property will do well to attend.

WILLIAM THOMAS.

Henry county, Ky., Oct. 22, 1841.

BLOODED HOGS.—The subscriber, living four miles east of Louisville, has for sale Berkshire and Irish Grazier Pigs.

D. S. CHAMBERS.

October 30, 1841.

Thus do American Republicans rank MAN,—with horses, and mules, and hogs, and the very sod beneath his feet. They lay their bloody hand upon their brother's throat—they wipe out the image of God, drawn by the finger of the Almighty Creator on his forehead—they tear the crown of glory and honor from his brow—they wrest from his hand the sceptre of dominion which his God gave him over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle of the field,—and thrusting him down among creeping things, where daily existence maps out itself in lines of slime, sells him at public out-cry! That's chivalrous, that's republican! in America. Out upon such infamy—it's black as perdition. Ah, but it takes the *religion* of America, to top the climax of this gigantic guilt. Churches, in their corporate, church capacity, owning slaves—aye, *their own covenant brethren*—and selling their labor, their persons, their virtue,—yea, carrying on a brokerage in the poor and out-cast disciples of Jesus—*trafficking in female virtue*—to raise money to pay their ministers, buy their communion-service, and to send the gospel to the heathen. This, is the christianity of America. Language is too weak for comment here. But we are too fast—we have not reached the *climax* of the guilt yet. What's the crime of the southern church, with its slavery-petrified conscience and its benumbed sensibilities, in comparison with the gratuitous, the uncalled for extension of the right hand of christian fellowship to these moral cannibals by the churches of all denominations at the *free* North? Yes, it was left for the Northern churches to bring on the *top-stone* of this catacomb of hell, this charnel-house of souls, with damning infamy to themselves and all who have part or lot with them.—But thanks be to God, TRUTH in its mighty revolutions shall crumble them and their monument of sin to dust, and not one stone will be left upon another.—F.

The following advertisement was taken from the Charleston Courier of Feb. 12th, 1835.

FIELD NEGROES—*By Thomas Gadsden.*

On Tuesday, the 17th instant, will be sold, at the North of the Exchange, at ten o'clock, *a prime gang of ten* NEGROES, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, *belonging* to the INDEPENDENT CHURCH, in *Christ's Church Parish.* * * *

February 6.

Resolved by the Erie Annual Conference, (Ohio.) "That while it disclaims all intention of interfering with any man's private opinion, and while, as the Discipline says, 'we are as much *as ever* convinced of the great evil of slavery,' we judge it incompatible with the duties and obligations of Methodist preachers to spend their time delivering abolition lectures, contributing to getting up abolition meetings, or attending abolition conventions, or circulating abolition papers."

HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF

Morison's Medicines

Of the British College of Health, London.

THE HYGEIAN System of Medicine, having TRUTH for its foundation, and SIMPLICITY for its structure, has stood the test of time—has triumphed over prejudice and opposition, and has become WORLD-RENOWNED. These Medicines cure ALL DISEASES that admit of cure—

WHY?

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J. R. FRENCH.

Concord, 17th November, 1841.

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AND

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VOL. EIGHT.....1842.

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